



WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS COLL'D WITH CARE.

VOL. XIV—NO. 22.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 13, 1802.

WHOLE NO. 698.

THE FATHER AND DAUGHTER.

A TALE.

[Continued from our last.]

THE keeper now told her it was time for her to depart; and she mournfully arose; but, first seizing her father's hand, she leaned for a moment her head on his arm; then, bidding God bless him, walked to the door with the keeper. But on seeing her about to leave him, Fitzhenry ran after her as fast as his heavy irons would let him, wildly exclaiming, "You shall not go—you shall not go."

Agnes, overjoyed at this evident proof of the pleasure her presence gave him, looked at the keeper for permission to stay; but as he told her it would be against the rules, she thought it more prudent to submit; and before Fitzhenry could catch hold of her in order to detain her by force, she ran through the house, and the grated door was closed upon her.

"And this," said Agnes to herself, turning round to survey the melancholy mansion she had left, while mingled sounds of groans, shrieks, shouts, laughter, and the clanking of irons, burst upon her ears, "this is the abode of my father! and provided for him by me!—This is the recompense bestowed on him, by the daughter whom he loved and trusted, in return for years of unparalleled fondness and indulgence!"

The idea was too horrible; and Agnes, calling up all the energy of her mind, remembered the uselessness of regret for the past, but thought with pleasure on the advantages of amendment for the present and the future: and by the time she reached Fanny's door, her mind had recovered its sad composure.

Her countenance, at her return, was very different to what it had been at her departure. Hope animated her sunk eye, and she seemed full of joyful though distant expectations: nay, so much was she absorbed in pleasing anticipations, that she feebly returned the caresses of her child, who climbed up her knees to express his joy at seeing her; and even while she kissed his ruddy cheek, her eye looked beyond it with the open gaze of absence.

"I have seen him again," she cried, turning to Fanny; "and he almost knew me! He will know me entirely, in time; and next, he will know every thing; and then I shall be happy!"

Fanny, to whom Agnes had given no clue to enable her to understand this language, was alarmed for her intellects, till she explained her plans, and her hopes; which Fanny, though she could not share in them, was too humane to discourage.

"But now," continued Agnes, "let us consult on my future means of gaining a livelihood; and finding that Fanny besides keeping a day-school, took in shawl-work, a considerable shawl manufacture being carried on in the town, it was settled that she should procure the same employment for Agnes; and that a small back room in Fanny's little dwelling should be fitted up for her use.

In the mean while the governors of the bedlam had returned to their respective habitations, with feelings towards Agnes very different to those

with which they had assembled. But too prudent to make even a penitent sinner the subject of praise in their own families, they gave short, evasive answers to the enquiries that were made there.

Mr. Seymour, on the contrary, thought it his duty to relieve the generous and affectionate heart of his daughter, by a minute detail of what had passed at the meeting; but he had no opportunity of doing this when he first returned home, as he found there a large party assembled to dinner. Caroline, however, watched his countenance and manner; and seeing on the first an expression of highly-awakened feelings, and in the latter a degree of absence, and aversion to talking, which it always displayed whenever his heart had been deeply interested, she flattered herself that Agnes was the cause of these appearances, and hoped to hear something to her advantage.

During dinner, a lady asked Caroline which of her young friends would accompany her to church, in the capacity of bride-maid. Caroline started, and turned pale at the question—for melancholy were the reflections it excited in her mind.

It had always been an agreement between her and Agnes, that whichever of the two was married first should have the other for her bride-maid; and the question was repeated before Caroline could trust her voice to answer it. "I shall have no bride-maids, but my sisters," she replied at length with a quivering lip: "I cannot; indeed I wish to have no other now." Then, looking at her father, she saw his eyes were filled with tears; and unable to suppress, but wishing to conceal his emotion, he abruptly left the room.

There is scarcely any human being whose heart has not taught him that we are never so compassionate and benevolent towards others, as when our own wishes are completely gratified—we are never so humble as then. This was the case with Mr. Seymour; he was about to marry his eldest daughter in a manner even superior to his warmest expectations, and his paternal care, therefore, was amply rewarded. But his heart told him that his care and affection had not exceeded, perhaps not equalled that of Fitzhenry's; nor had the promise of his daughter's youth, fair as it was, ever equalled that of the unhappy Agnes; yet Caroline was going to aggrandize her family, and Agnes had disgraced hers. She was happy—Agnes miserable. He was possessor of a large fortune, and all the comforts of life; and Fitzhenry was in a madhouse.

This contrast between their situations was forcibly recalled to his mind by the question addressed to Caroline; and already softened by the interview of the morning, he could not support his feelings, but was obliged to hasten to his chamber to vent in tears and thanksgivings the mingled sensations of humility and gratitude. Caroline soon followed him; and heard with emotions as violent, her father's description of Agnes's narration, and her conduct before the governors.

"But it is not sufficient," said she, "that you tell me this: you must tell it wherever you hear the poor penitent's name mentioned, and avow the change it has made in your sentiments towards her: you must be her advocate."

"Her advocate! What would the world say?"

"Just what you wish it to say. Believe me, my dear father, the world is in many instances like a spoiled child, who treats with contempt the foolish parent that indulges his caprices, but behaves with respect to those, who, regardless of his clamors, give the law to him, instead of receiving it."

"You speak from the untaught enthusiasm and confidence of youth, Caroline—but experience will teach you that no one can with impunity run counter to the opinions of the world."

"My experience has taught me that already; but, in this case, you do not seem to do the world justice. The world would blame you, and justly too, if, while talking of the unhappy Agnes, you should make light of her guilt; but why not, while you acknowledge that to be enormous, deficient with equal justice on the deep sense she entertains of it, and on the excellence of her present intentions? To this, what can the world say, but that you are a just judge? And even suppose they should think you too lenient a one, will not the approbation of your own conscience be an ample consolation for such a condemnation? O! my dear father! were you not one of the best, and most unspoilable of men, your anxious attention to what the world will say of your actions, must long ere this have made you one of the worst."

"Enough, enough," cried Mr. Seymour, wounded self-love contending in his bosom with parental pride, for he had some suspicion that Caroline was right, "what would the world say, if it were to hear you schooling your father?"

"When the world hears me trying to exalt my own wisdom by doubting my father's, I hope it will treat me with the severity I shall deserve."

Mr. Seymour clasped her to his bosom as she said this, and involuntarily exclaimed, "O! poor Fitzhenry!"—"And poor Agnes too!" retorted Caroline, throwing her arms round his neck: "it will be my parting request, when I leave my paternal roof, that you will do all the justice you can to my once-honored friend—and let the world say what it pleases."—"Well, well, I will indulge you, by granting your request," cried Mr. Seymour; "or rather, I will indulge myself." And then, contented with each other, they returned to the company.

A few days after this conversation Caroline's marriage took place, and was celebrated by the ringing of bells and other rejoicings. "What are the bells ringing for to-day?" said Agnes to Fanny, as she was eating her breakfast with more appetite than usual. Fanny hesitated; and then, in a peevish tone, replied, that she supposed they rang for Miss Caroline Seymour, as she was married that morning:—adding, "Such a fuss indeed! such preparations! one would think nobody was ever married before!"

Yet, spitefully as Fanny spoke this, she had no dislike to the amiable Caroline; her pettishness proceeded merely from her love for Agnes. Just such preparations, just such rejoicings, she had hoped to see one day for the marriage of her dear young lady; and though Agnes had not perceived it, Fanny had for the last two days shed many a tear of regret and mortification, while news of the intended wedding reached her ear on every

side: and she had not courage to tell Agnes, what she had heard, lest the feelings of Agnes on the occasion should resemble hers, but in a more painful degree. "Caroline Seymour married!" cried Agnes, rising from her unfinished meal; well married, I hope?"—"O yes, very well indeed—Mr. Seymour is so proud of the connection!" "Thank God!" said Agnes fervently: "May she be as happy as her virtues deserve!"—and then with a hasty step she retired to her own apartment.

[See last page.]

HISTORICAL ANECDOTE.

THE Prince of Conde being at his seat at Chantilly, proposed, one day after dinner, that every man should drink a glass to what he liked best. He then filled his own glass, and said with warmth, "I drink to the pleasure which I had in gaining the battle of Rhocroi without any man's advice." A glass was then given to General Scirot, who said, with a firm voice, "I drink to the pleasure which I had in being the means of making the Prince of Conde gain the battle of Rhocroi." The Prince, who was very irritable and passionate, laid hold of his plate, and threatened to throw it at Scirot's head; who, without moving from his seat, put his hand to his sword, and said in a most respectful manner, "Does my Lord intend to do me that honor?" The great Conde, struck with admiration, made every possible excuse to the General, and gave him the most unequivocal marks of his friendship.

A MAN OF FASHION.

A modern man of fashion is exactly one third boots. In Edward the IVth's time the points of his shoes were tied up with chains to his knees. In all ages our coxcombs have removed their vanity as far as possible from the head!

The present European fashions of shoes and boots are:

Suwarrows,	Bonaparte's Greaves,
Cossacks,	Swiss,
Hussars,	Hunting,
Cairos,	Walking,
Double Tongues,	Full Dress,
Fire Buckets,	York.

A GORMANDIZER.

THE Marshal de Villars had a Swiss, who was an enormous eater. Desirous of gratifying his curiosity, the Marshal one day asked this man, how many ribs of beef he could eat? "Not many," answered the Swiss—"ten or twelve at most." "How many legs of mutton?"—"Not many; not above four or five." "How many pigeons?"—"Perhaps fifteen." "How many geese?"—"I might manage thirty or forty; but they are very troublesome." "How many larks?"—"Larks! my Lord!" answered the Swiss—"Oh! as for larks, I could eat them forever, without being tired."

ANECDOTES.

DEAN SWIFT having preached an assize sermon in Dublin, was afterwards invited to dine with the Judges, and having, in his discourse, considered the use and abuse of the law, he had bore a little hard upon those counsellors who plead causes, which they know in their consciences to be wrong. When dinner was over, and the glass began to go round, a young barrister, who happened to be present, took occasion to retort upon the Dean, and after many altercations on both sides, the counsellor at last asked him, "If the devil were to die, whether a person might not be found for money, to preach his funeral sermon?" "Yes," said Swift,—"and I would gladly be the man; for I would then give the devil his due, as I have this day his children."

TWO suitors in chancery, being reconciled to each other, after a very tedious and expensive suit, lately applied to an artist to paint a device, in commemoration of their returning amity and peace. The artist accordingly painted one of them in his shirt, and the other stark-naked.

REMARK.

Censure is like a hog; and it is as much impossible for a man to guard his reputation from the attacks of the one, as it is to protect his enclosures from the depredations of the other.

MEN.

[See the Museum of Dec. 19.]

"WOMEN are books;" in this I do agree,
But men there are who can't read A B C,
And some who have not genius to discern
The beauties of the books they wish to learn:
For those an almanac doth often hold
Much more of science than they can unfold;
But thank our stars our critics are not these,
The men of sense and taste we always please,
Who know to choose, and then to prize their books,
Nor leave the line direct in search of crooks;
And from these books the noblest pleasures flow,
Altho' perfection is not found below
Of them—we're in a world of error thrown,
And our errata stand against their own. EUN!

TO THE MEMORY OF A FATHER.

MY early friend, my father is no more,
The watchful mentor of my erring youth,
Who taught me by example to adore
The "mountain goddess," and her sister Truth.

'Twas he who taught me early to despise
A villain e'en in ermine or in lawn,
To court the converse of the good and wise,
And cherish Reason e'en from Reason's dawn.

Tho' he's no more, his precepts still survive,
And Gratitude the pearly tribute pays,
When Recollection, "tremblingly alive,"
Reviews the varied scenes of former days.

To stem the torrent of corruptive vice,
To paint the sufferings of a patient poor,
To arm 'gainst "legal plunderers" with advice,
The tradesman's purse and person to insure.

From these, the objects of his active mind,
Regardless of himself, he'd ne'er depart;
And thus he plainly prov'd to all mankind
His greatest foible was—a feeling heart.

Such was the friend, whose loss I now deplore,
The friend, whose worth this consolation gives,—
That tho' my much lov'd parent is no more,
In every good man's memory he lives.

ON THE SNOW DROP.

PALE beauty! why so soon?—yet hoary frost
Hangs on the bosom of the infant year;
Bright Sol in aged Winter's lost,
His steeds unbrac'd, his fields not worth his care;
And tho' in Eastern spheres he revels free,
Mists, cold and dreary, shut his rays from thee.

What could invite thee from thy central bed?
Why mid the adverse prospect lift thy head?
Sure thou art conscious of some latent force!
Eager to hail mankind! or prone to charm;
And tho' thou tremble when the winds grow hoarse,
Thy silent patience doth the storm disarm.

E'en so will I! born in a sunless hour,
But hail the wife, and die, like thee, sweet snow-drift!

SONG.

THE swelling sail and smiling sky,
The sailor's joys inviting;
His glitt'ring hopes accomplish'd nigh,
The sight of shore—delighting!
But winds unkind adverse turn,
And all his hopes deceive him:
In pray'rs and sighs his fate may mourn,
Till patience shall relieve him.

Just so, when we our wishes grasp,
Each smiling hope possessing;
The phantom dies before the clasp,
And robs us of the blessing.

EPITAPH.

Written in the fourteenth century.

MY husband lyeth dede
Ondyr this stone;
Deihe came to he, and feyde
Oh! oh! John.

[Inserted by particular desire.]

ACCOUNT OF THE DRAMATIC ROMANCE OF "BLUE BEARD."

On Monday was presented for the first time the Dramatic Romance of BLUE BEARD, by Colman, with additional songs, by Mr. Dunlap. As the principal merit of this piece lies in its shew, we shall be particular in presenting the several successive scenes, in the order in which they appeared, that the reader as well as spectator may form some, though it must necessarily be a very imperfect, idea of the exhibition.

ACT 1.

The first act is principally distinguished by the splendid procession of Abomelique and his train, down the mountains, on his way to Ibrahim's cottage, when he came to demand Fatima in marriage. This procession is conceived with so much truth and knowledge of perspective, and executed with so much skill, as to give a strong idea of great distance and gradual approach, until at length the stage is filled by the Bashaw and his attendants. First we see almost at the summit of the far-off hills, the guards, followed by a train of black slaves leading Camels bearing presents, soldiers bringing up the rear; next appears a palanquin carried by blacks and followed by soldiers. To these succeed trumpeters and other musicians, with guards, until at length we see Abomelique richly dressed and mounted on his elephant. All this is executed in artificial figures, corresponding in size to the trees which crown the summits of the mountains; while the music of the march is at first only perceived by the distant tap of the drum and occasional clash of cymbals. Before the last soldiers have disappeared, the first part of the procession enters on the side opposite to that where it was first seen, and appears much nearer than before, winding down the hill. The march is now distinctly heard, though distant, and the various figures pass in the same order as before. This is performed by children, dressed as grown persons in the Turkish costume—the camels, elephants, &c. by machinery. The train having apparently crossed a second time, and reached the foot of the mountain, the march increases fast on the ear, and finally the soldiers, &c. parade down the stage, and the Bashaw is brought on by an artificial Elephant. A grand Chorus finishes the procession.

ACT 2.

The grand scene in this act is the Illuminated Garden. The sides represent several bowers in perspective, with trees entwined by vines in full bloom. Trees of the same description are placed in lines across the stage. Variegated lamps, red, blue, green, yellow, &c. &c. are suspended to the trees. A FOUNTAIN is seen throwing up water to a great height, while two streams issue from the sides, a marble basin receiving them in their fall. A march is heard at a distance, and the slaves of Abomelique are seen in perspective crossing the garden: they at length enter on the stage, and form in order. The Bashaw and ladies seat themselves during a grand Chorus; and a dance by slaves, finishes the act.

ACT 3.

This act is enriched by three of the most striking scenes we have ever seen. The walls of the Blue apartment, corresponding in color to its name, are fancifully chequered with silver crosses. The sides are ornamented with columns, and the wainscoting enriched by gold and silver fruits in basso relievo. On one side of the apartment is a Turkish stair-case, corresponding to the room. "In the centre of the flat is an ornamented door, over which is a picture of Blue Beard smiting at the feet of a beautiful woman. On each side of the door is a figure of a beauty." Upon Fatima's putting the forbidden key into the lock, "the door instantly sinks with a tremendous crash, and the blue chamber appears streaked with vivid streams of blood. The picture over the door, changes and Abomelique is represented in the act of murdering the beauty he was before supplicating. The pictures of women change to monsters.—The interior apartment exhibits various ghastly and supernatural forms, some in motion, some fixed.—In the centre, is a large skeleton, with a dart in his hand, and over his head, in characters of blood, "The punishment of curiosity." The women shriek, and run together hiding their heads in each others bosom. At this moment Schacabac appears at the top of the stair case:—then runs down hastily. As he descends, the door rises, and the chamber resumes its original appearance." Scene 5th.—"A garden.—In the back of which is a part of Abomelique's castle, and a draw bridge leading to the castle gate.—A corridor before the apartments on the first story.—A door beneath it.—A turret on the top of the

building overlooking the country." Horsemen are seen at a distance advancing to the rescue of Fatima, while from the highest turret, Irene gives her sister notice of their approach.

The last scene represents the inside of the sepulchre, with the tomb and skeleton, over whose head is now seen the following inscription, "This sepulchre shall enclose her who endangers the life of Abomelique." On the tomb, at the feet of the skeleton lies the charmed dagger.

At the instant that Abomelique is about to murder Fatima, the upper part of the wall of the sepulchre gives way and through an aperture 20 feet from the ground, Selim appears, but without any means of descending. In the struggles of Fatima to save her life, she seizes the dagger, which action is supposed to annihilate the supernatural power of the Basmaw, and instantly the wall falls in ruins, and Selim with it, to the ground. The effect which this admirable machinery is calculated to produce, if well executed, is perhaps the greatest of any in the piece. The fall of the wall discovers the Spahis combatting the Slaves of Abomelique, who submit. At a distance appear the horses of the victors. Selim having overcome his rival, the skeleton leaps from his tomb, and placing his dart on the Tyrant's breast, flings it with him into the earth.

Such is the entertainment provided for the eye of the spectator. The author has been hardly less attentive to charm the ear. The music is by Kelly, with additions by Mr. Pelester, and is excellent indeed. Of the songs, that by Miss Brett, with the cymbal, is delightful; but it is Mrs. Hodgkinson's "When pensive I thought on my Love," which takes the prison'd soul. Her sweet and impressive manner of executing this simple air might of itself secure a run to the piece.

SATURDAY, MARCH 13, 1802.

There is now before our State Legislature a Bill for preventing DUELLING.
Also, a Bill prohibiting Bull-Baiting, &c.

DESTRUCTION OF PRINCETON COLLEGE.

On Saturday last the College of New-Jersey, at Princeton, was consumed by fire. About one o'clock in the afternoon the cupola was discovered to be in a blaze—the wind was uncommonly violent, and in less than two hours the whole building was destroyed, the roof having early fallen in so as to render all exertions to save it fruitless. The College Library, with the Libraries of two literary Societies, the Orrery of Rittenhouse, the furniture, books and clothing, of at least half the students, were lost. The Philosophical Apparatus were saved, it is thought with but little injury as also the house of the College Steward, tho' near the College and in the direction of the flame. Happily no one received any injury, though some perilous attempts were made by the Students to stop the fire and save the property of the College.

Thus fell one of the fairest temples of Science, of Literature and of Religion, and left her sons to mourn over her ruins.—May that Providence, which so long fostered this institution, raise from its smoking ashes another of equal fame and utility. [Trenton paper.]

A Gentleman passenger in the Experiment, from St. Croix, informs, that on the 13th of Feb. the Danish frigate Iris, Capt. Brown, arrived there with general Waterford, appointed to the command of all the Danish West India Islands. The English troops had orders to evacuate on the 20th, at which time the General was to take possession.

From the Salem Gazette of March 2.

On Sunday, last week, the three following ships sailed from this port on foreign voyages, viz. the Ulysses and Brutus, Capts. William Brown and James Cooke, belonging to Messrs. Crowinshield's; and the Volusia, Capt. Samuel Cook, belonging to Capt. Israel Williams and others. The severe snow storm which followed a few hours after they sailed has occasioned much anxiety for their safety; and it is with extreme pain we relate, that last evening accounts came to town from Cape Cod, which make it appear too probably that the whole were cast away on the back of the Cape. We have not heard particulars of the disasters: from the intenseness of the cold, as well as violence of the storm, we have too much to fear. Numerous are the connexions and extreme the anxiety which exists; and till the worst is known, we would indulge every favorable hope that can be derived from conjecture.

HANOVER, N. H. Feb. 13. FIRE!

On Wednesday evening last the house of Mr. Samuel Cleveland, of this town, was destroyed, with all its contents, except one barrel of meat, by fire. Mr. Cleveland and his wife had left their children, five in number, the eldest 9 years and the youngest 18 months, and had gone out on a visit, and not returning early in the evening the eldest child prepared a hot brick; and all of them went to bed comfortably. But before they had been long asleep, the bed clothes were on fire, and they were much burnt before they awoke. The eldest child made the first alarm and before any one had arrived at the fire, she caught from bed the youngest and threw it out of doors, and the other three she drove out, and made her own escape. In this destitute situation some of them naked, they had nearly frozen before they could be got to any dwelling.

BALTIMORE, March 3.

CONFLAGRATION OF THE CAPE.

Arrived last evening, Capt Rogers, of the Sch'r Nelly from Cape Francois, which he left on the 14th February. The news by Capt. R. is most distressing, both on account of the American property which has been destroyed at the Cape, and the scenes of horror and bloodshed which have and will take place.

It appears that a division of the French fleet consisting of 14 sail of ships of the line, and 11 other ships of war, with about 20,000 men, arrived at the Cape on the 3d of February, when negotiations were entered into between the commandants on each side, as to the terms on which the one party would be permitted to land; and the tenure on which the other was to hold their liberty and property.

On the evening of the following day, one of the ships hove in near the shore, and was fired on by the battery with red-hot shot; which was at the same time the signal for the conflagration of the town. Fire and faggots lighted up the flames in many parts at the same time, and the place during the night, exhibited a scene of horror and destruction beyond the power of description, and equalled only by the dreadful fate it experienced in the year 1792.—Many massacres took place, and the brutal savageness of the negroes spared neither age nor sex, but of their own colour, except Americans, one of whom, a young man from Charleston, was killed. With one hand the black demons of slaughter were seen holding up the writhing infant, and hacking off his limbs with the sword in the other.

Those that escaped the sword were preserved to witness more horrid sensations, being dragged by the negroes, (who evacuated the town during the fire, and the demolishing of the forts) to their strong places in the mountains, to serve as hostages or to glut their fury.

On the morning of the 5th, of 2000 houses, 59 only had escaped the ravages of the flames, and their tenants, except a wretched few on board the American shipping, were no where to be seen. Sugars and other property either rolled in liquid fire along the streets, or mounted in cloudy volumes to the skies. All the plantations of the extensive and once flourishing plain round the Cape for many miles, exhibiting the same tremendous appearance. P. de Paix was also consumed, and several other towns in the Island. Fort Dauphin had been preserved, by another division of the fleet taking possession of it without molestation, four divisions having arrived at different points of the Island about the same time. Besides the two mentioned, one had gone into the bite of Leogane.

After the total evacuation of the Cape by the blacks, the French shipping hauled into the harbour and took possession of the town and forts, Capt. Rogers was permitted by the intendant to sail on the 14th with dispatches, we learn; but all other Americans were still detained.

ORIGINAL CHARADE.

MY first revers'd you oft have seen adorn
The face of nature in a vernal morn,
With all the colors of the rainbow's rays,
And splendours that surpass the diamond's blaze;
My second, which deriv'd its abject birth,
From the torn bowels of the wounded earth,
Serves as a guard to watch the miser's ore,
The cloister'd virgin, and the tyrant's store:
My whole denotes what has the power to bless,
And give both sexes life's true happiness;
While their glad bosoms glow with joys divine,
And round their heads unfading honors shine.

STAMPED PAPER,

Sold at J. Harrison's Book Store, No. 3 Peck-Slip.

COURT OF HYMEN.

HAPPY the pair whom love and reason join
Where Virtue sanctifies the band divine;
To them a paradise on earth is giv'n;
And when from Time they go, they rest in HEAV'N.

MARRIED.

At Goshen, on Tuesday evening ad inst. Mr. JEREMAS JOHNSON, Merchant of this city, to Miss MARY CARPENTER, eldest daughter of Mr. James Carpenter, Merchant of that place.

On Thursday evening last week, by the Rev. Bishop Moore, HENRY N. CRUGER, Esq. to Miss HARRIOT CRUGER, daughter of Henry Cruger, Esq. of this city.

Same evening, at Philadelphia, Mr. HENRY NIXON, to Miss MORRIS, daughter of Robert Morris Esq.

At Bath, Mr. CHRISTOPHER HOXIE, of Hudson, to Miss MARY CLARK, of this city.

By the Rev. Bishop Moore, Mr. JOHN RUSSELL, to Miss PHOEBE MARIA WOOLLEY, both of this city.

MORTALITY.

Each hour DEATH warns us by an awful call;
Each hour our fellow-mortals round us fall.

DIED.

On Saturday morning last, JOHN WARD FENNO, in the 24th year of his age, late editor of the United States Gazette.

On Wednesday afternoon, Mr. WILLIAM S. BALL.

JUST PUBLISHED,

And for sale by JOHN HARRISON, No. 3, Peck-Slip,

THE VICAR OF LANSDOWNE, A TALE,

By REGINA M. ROCHE, author of the Maid of the Hamlet, Children of the Abbey, &c.

TICKETS

IN THE NAVIGATION LOTTERY,

Sold by John Harrison, No. 3 Peck-Slip.

THEATRE.

On Monday evening will be presented, a grand Dramatic Romance, (4th time,) called,

Blue Beard, OR, FEMALE CURIOSITY.

To which will be added, the Entertainment of

Miss in her Teens.

Vivat Republica.

EDUCATION.

The subscriber respectfully informs his employers, and the Public in general, that he will continue his SCHOOL, the ensuing season, at No. 1 Fishers-street, second door from the corner of said street and Bowery-Lane; a little north from the New Watch house, in a large upper room, built and furnished for that purpose, a very commodious airy, and healthy situation; where he will teach the Alphabet, Spelling, and Reading Grammatically, Writing and Arithmetic, Book Keeping and English grammar; also the Art of Speaking; and hopes by his assiduous endeavors to render general satisfaction to his employers. The strictest attention will be paid to order, morality, and their civil deportment.

The Subscriber also wishes to inform the public that he teaches the Art of Penmanship upon the new and late system plan; and will assure any person to become an eligible fair writer in three months, they paying strict attention to the business, or he will exact no pay. He will give lessons at their own houses, or at the School room above mentioned, betwixt the hours of five and seven P. M.

W. D. LAZELL.

NB, The Subscriber writes Deeds, Mortgages, Wills, Leases, Indentures, Powers of attorney, Bonds, Notes, &c.

COURT OF APOLLO.

SONG.

WHILE PENSIVE I THOUGHT ON MY LOVE.

Sung by Mrs. HODGKINSON, in "Blue Beard."

WHILE pensive I thought on my love,
The moon on the mountains shone bright,
And Philomel down in the grove,
Broke sweetly the silence of night.

Ah! I wish that the tear-drop would flow,
But I feel too much anguish to weep;
Till torn with the weight of my woe,
I sunk on my pillow to sleep.

Methought that my love as he lay,
His ringlets all clotted with gore,
In the paleness of death, seem'd to say,
Alas! we must never meet more!

Yes, yes, my lov'd! we must part,---
The steel of my rival prov'd true;
The assassin has struck on that heart
Which beat with such fervor for you.

ANECDOTE.

A Lawyer in Dublin, going to dinner, left the following direction on his office-door, "Come to the Elephant and Castle, where you will find me; and if you can't read this, carry it to the stationer's, and he will read it for you."

[Continued from 2d page.]

It is certain that Agnes had a mind above the meanness of envy, and that she did not repine at the happiness of her friend; yet, while with tears trickling down her cheek she faltered out "Happy Caroline!—Mr. Seymour proud! Well may he be so!" her feelings were as bitter as those which envy excites. "O my poor father! I once hoped—" added she; but overcome with the acuteness of regret and remorse, she threw herself on the bed in speechless anguish.

Then the image of Caroline, as she last saw her, weeping for her misfortunes, and administering to her wants, recurred to her mind, and, in a transport of affection and gratitude, she took the paper that contained the gift from her bosom, kissed the blotted scrawl on the back of it, and prayed fervently for her happiness.

"But surely," cried she, starting up, and running into the next room to Fanny, "I should write a few lines of congratulation to the bride," Fanny did not answer; indeed she could not; for the affectionate creature was drowned in tears, which Agnes well understood, and was gratified, though pained, to behold. At length, still more alarmed of her own weakness when she saw it reflected in another, Agnes gently reproved Fanny, telling her it seemed as if she repined at Miss Seymour's happiness.

"No," replied Fanny, "I only repine at your misery. Dear me, she is a sweet young lady, to be sure, but no more to be compared to you—" "Hush! Fanny; 'tis I who am now not to be compared to her;—remember, my misery is owing to my guilt."—"It is not the less to be repined at on that account," replied Fanny.

To this remark, unconsciously severe, Agnes with a sigh assented; and, unable to continue the conversation in this strain, she again asked whether Fanny did not think she ought to congratulate the generous Caroline. "By all means," replied Fanny; but, before she answered, Agnes had determined that it would be kinder in her not to damp the joy of Caroline, by calling to her mind the image of a wretched friend. "True," she observed, "it would gratify my feelings to express the love and gratitude I bear her, and my self-love would exult in being recollected by her with tenderness and regret, even in the hour of her bridal

splendor; but the gratification would only be a selfish one, and therefore I will reject it."

Having formed this laudable resolution, Agnes, after trying to compose her agitated spirits by playing with her child, who was already idolized by the faithful Fanny, bent her steps as usual to the cell of her father. Unfortunately for Agnes, she had to pass the house of Mr. Seymour, and at the door she saw the carriages waiting to convey the bride to the country seat of her mother-in-law. Agnes hurried on as fast as trembling limbs could carry her: but, as she cast a hasty glance over the splendid liveries, and the crowd gazing on them, she saw Mr. Seymour bustling at the door, with all the pleased consequence of a happy parent in his countenance; and not daring to analyse her feelings, she rushed forward from the mirthful scene, and did not stop again till she found herself at the door of the bedlam.

But when there, and when, looking up at its grated windows, she contemplated it as the habitation of her father—so different to that of the father of Caroline—and beheld in fancy the woe-worn, fallow face of Fitzhenry, so unlike the healthy, satisfied look of Mr. Seymour—"I can't go in, I can't see him to-day," she faintly articulated, overcome with a sudden faintness—and, as soon as she could recover her strength, she returned home; and, shutting herself up in her own apartment, spent the rest of the day in that mournful and solitary meditation that "maketh the heart better."

It would no doubt have gladdened the heart of the poor mourner to have known, that surrounded by joyous and congratulating friends, Caroline sighed for the absent Agnes, and felt the want of her congratulations.—"Surely she will write to me!" said she mentally, "I am sure she wishes me happy! and one of my greatest pangs at leaving my native place is, the consciousness that I leave her miserable."

The last words that Caroline uttered, as she bade adieu to the domestics, were, "Be sure to send after me any note or letter that may come." But no note or letter from Agnes arrived; and had Caroline known the reason, she would have loved her once happy friend the more.

The next day, earlier than usual, Agnes went in quest of her father. She did not absolutely flatter herself that he had missed her the day before, still she did not think it absolutely *impossible* that he might. She dared not, however, ask the question; but luckily for her, the keeper told her, unasked, that Fitzhenry was observed to be restless, and looking out of the door of his cell frequently, both morning and evening, as if expecting somebody; and that, at night, as he was going to bed, he asked whether the lady had not been there.

"Indeed," cried Agnes, her eyes sparkling with pleasure—"Where is he?—Let me see him directly." But, after the first joyful emotion which he always showed at seeing her had subsided, she could not flatter herself that his symptoms were more favorable than before.

The keeper also informed her that he had been thrown into so violent a raving fit, by the agitation he felt at parting with her the last time she was there, that she must contrive to slip away unperceived whenever she came: and this visit having passed away without any thing material occurring, Agnes contrived to make her escape unseen.

On her return she repeated to Fanny several times, with a sort of pathetic pleasure, the question her father had asked—"He enquired whether the lady had not been there;—think of that, Fanny!" while so incoherent was her language and so absent were her looks, that Fanny again began to fear her afflictions had impaired her reason.

After staying a few days with the new married

couple, Mr. Seymour returned home, Caroline having before he left her, again desired him to be the friend of the penitent Agnes, whenever he heard her un pityingly attacked; and an opportunity soon offered of gratifying his daughter's benevolence and his own.

Mr. Seymour was drinking tea in a large party, when a lady, to whose plain, awkward, uninteresting daughters, the once beautiful, graceful, and engaging Agnes had been a powerful rival, laid, with no small share of malignity, "So!—fine impudence indeed!—I hear that good for nothing minx, Fitzhenry's daughter, is come to town: I wonder for my part she dares show her face here—But the assurance of those creatures is amazing."

"Aye, it is indeed," echoed from one lady to another. "But this girl must be a hardened wretch indeed," resumed Mrs. Machendy, the first speaker "I suppose her fellow is tired of her, and she will be on the town soon—"

"In the church-yard rather," replied Mr. Seymour, whom a feeling of resentment at these vulgar expressions of female spite had hitherto kept silent:—"Miss Fitzhenry has lost all power of charming the eye of the libertine, and even the wish;—but she is an object whom the compassionate and the humane cannot behold or listen to, without the strongest emotion."

"No, to be sure," replied Mrs. Machendy, bridling—"The girl had always a plausible tongue of her own—and as to her beauty, I never thought that was made for lasting.—What then you have seen her, Mr. Seymour? I wonder you could condescend to look at such trash."

"Yes, madam, I have seen, and heard her too;—and if heartfelt misery, contrition, and true penitence, may hope to win favor in the sight of God, and expiate past offences, "a ministering angel might this frail one be, though we lay howling."

"I lie howling, indeed!" screamed out Mrs. Machendy: "speak for yourself, if you please, Mr. Seymour; for my part, I do not expect when I go to another world to keep such company as Miss Fitzhenry."

"If with the same measure you mete it should be meted to you again, madam, I believe there is little chance in another world that you and Miss Fitzhenry will be visiting acquaintance." Then, bespeaking the attention of the company, he gave that account of Agnes, her present situation, and her intentions for the future, which she gave the governors; and all the company, save the outrageously virtuous mother and her daughters, heard it with as much emotion as Mr. Seymour felt in relating it.—Exclamations of "Poor unfortunate girl! what a pity she should have been guilty!—But, fallen as she is, she is still Agnes Fitzhenry," resounded through the room.

Mrs. Machendy could not bear this in silence; but, with a cheek pale, nay livid, with malignity, and in a voice sharpened by passion, she exclaimed, "Well, for my part, some people may do any thing, yet be praised up to the skies; other people's daughters would not find such mercy. Before she went off, it was Miss Fitzhenry this, and Miss Fitzhenry that,—though other people's children could perhaps do as much, though they were not so found of showing what they could do."

"No," cried one of the Miss Machendys, "Miss Fitzhenry had courage enough for any thing."

[To be continued.]

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